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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHAT-RAVI—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6 1952

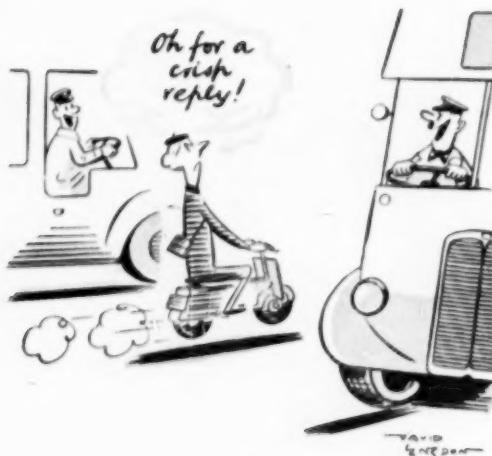
6d

PUNCH



FEBRUARY

6
1952Vol. CCXXII
No. 5807



-but **M&D**
for the crispest biscuits

Made by MEREDITH & DREW LTD LONDON

CV1-71

SHOE of the MONTH — for FEBRUARY



Here are value, quality and manly character in seasonable style. These shoes are selected on merit to satisfy discriminating wearers. Ask for Authentic "Masculines" in choice of patterns at 85/- Others from 57/-

Available in "MENTONE" and "SAVILE ROW" Ranges
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"Epicurean". Under the gentle impact
of French hospitality one's senses reject such mundane items as clocks
and watches. The warm welcome at London Airport is followed by the
famous **EPICUREAN** luncheon served with
champagne and liqueurs so that by the time one has heaved the final sigh
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to H.M. The King

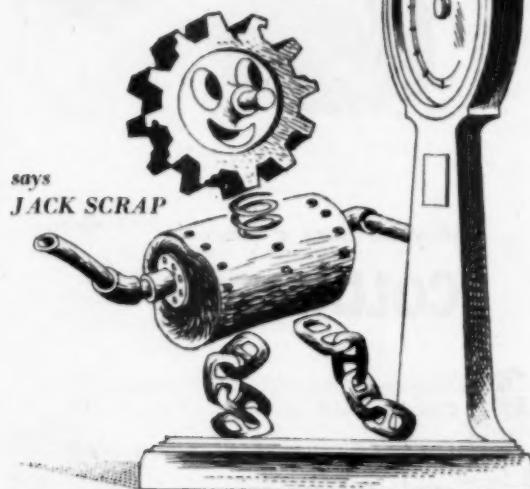


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'They found 1,200 tons of me....

**they didn't know
they had!**



says
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He found 1,200 tons of good scrap in the form of obsolete machinery, surplus stores, unused sidings, and miscellaneous equipment that hadn't been thought of as scrap at all.

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**Speed the
SCRAP
Speed
the Steel**



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Adequate supplies are now available*

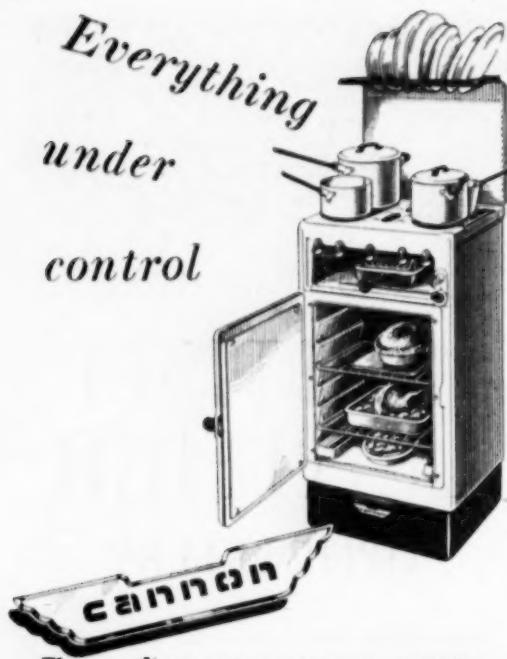


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"White Label"
SCOTCH WHISKY**

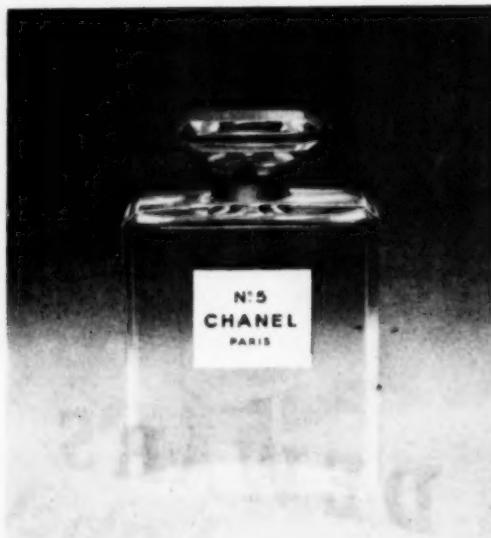
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'Lissapol' acts quickly. It dissolves *instantly*, even in cold, hard water, and forms no scum and very little foam—a particular advantage in washing machines. As well as cutting costs by its speed and efficiency, 'Lissapol' is economical in itself—no more than a tablespoonful to a gallon of water being needed for most purposes. Although a powerful detergent, 'Lissapol' is neutral and therefore safe and versatile in use. It may be employed for washing down the outside of a building or for cleansing the most delicate fabric. Finally, being a liquid, 'Lissapol' is specially suitable for bulk cleaning, as mixture strengths can be exactly controlled and wastage due to careless handling eliminated.

'Lissapol'

CONCENTRATED LIQUID CLEANSER
in various grades—for all industrial cleansing applications

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D.183p



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"Precisely," roared the Guardsman,★ thumping the desk and making his tea-cup rattle.

"But the point is we must . . ." said the Home Trade Manager, who was on the floor as usual . . .

"I couldn't agree more," cried the Guardsman leaping to his feet, snatching his hat and making for the door. And that terminated the conference.

★ "The Guardsman," TILLEY Storm Lantern, Model X246.

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By Appointment to H.M. The King
Motor Car Manufacturers Humber Limited

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Humber Ltd Coventry London Showrooms & Export Division:
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February

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MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE
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good taste and pleasure meet—
you'll find this bottle*

Dry Monopole CHAMPAGNE



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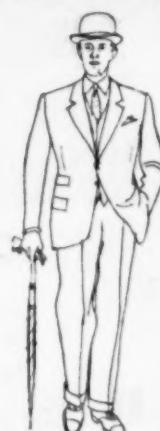
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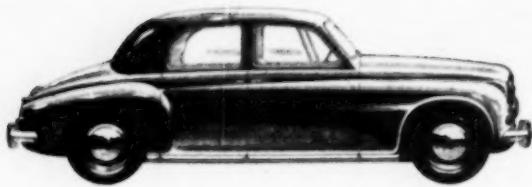


"Have you a trumpet handy?" is the title of a book published by Accles & Pollock which will be sent to anybody who is seriously anxious to have help through tubes.





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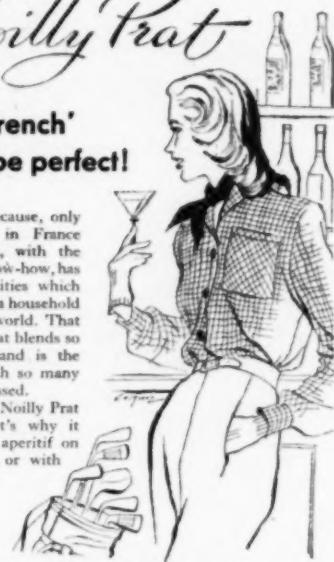
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CVS-154

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and your 'French'
will be perfect!

This is why . . . Because, only Noilly Prat made in France from French grapes, with the traditional French know-how, has all those subtle qualities which have made 'French' a household word throughout the world. That dry, subtle aperitif that blends so perfectly with gin, and is the 'French' upon which so many cocktail recipes are based. Remember, too, that Noilly Prat is full strength, that's why it makes an intriguing aperitif on its own, either neat or with a splash. Try it.



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one of the great days that happen just once in a lifetime . . . what better way to express all that you feel than by giving a fine Swiss watch? . . . to make sure you choose a watch that will be treasured far into the years to come . . .



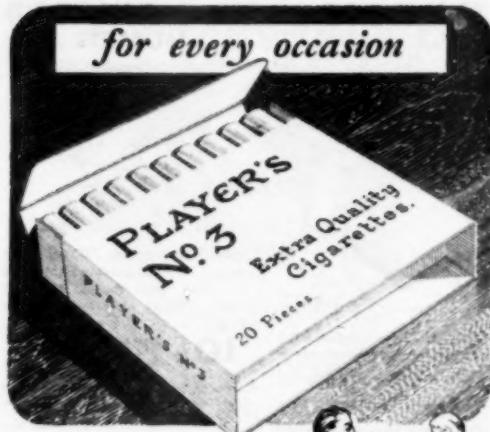
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the highly prized watch



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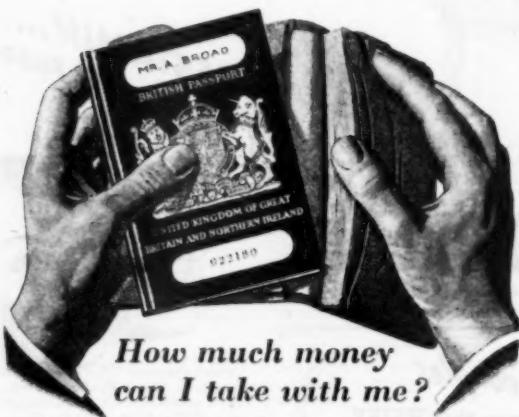
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[3P 109]



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CVS-47





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"Every bit. And stranger still, they're just as good as they taste."

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By this the famed Li Po meant that man cannot live by bread alone. Neither can he live by Roast Beef, Potatoes, Yorkshire Pudding and Apricot Charlotte alone; nor by Roast Neck of Lamb, Potatoes, Green Peas, Apple Pie and Baked Custard * alone . . . But with the assistance of the Ministry of Food and a NEW WORLD 1840 Gas Cooker, he can have a good try. We can offer you no loaves, no lilies, no roast beef . . . and, no, not even any neck of lamb. We can and do offer the suggestion that you go quickly to your nearest Gas Showrooms and there ask to see these incomparable NEW WORLD 1840 Gas Cookers.

* From "Whole Dinner Menus", page 228 of the Radiation Cookery Book, 4th Edition. Price 5/- net at all Gas Showrooms.



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She has a husband and two young children and they live in a small house. She has to look after the children, do the shopping, clean the home, cook, do the family washing and the thousand and one other jobs necessary in running a home. She is now wondering whether she could possibly manage to take on part-time work in a factory.

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We look forward, therefore to the time when with free supplies of raw materials available, we shall be able to supply these essential pieces of equipment to all sections of the community at the lowest possible prices.

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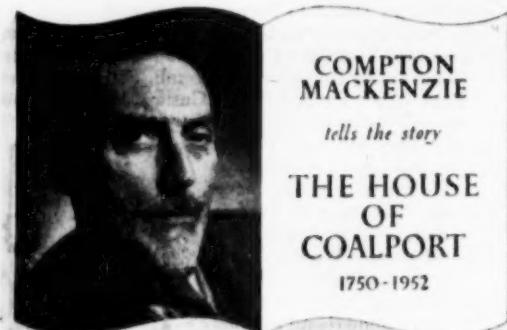


Photo: Bertie Adler, F.R.S.A.

The name "Coalport" is literally a household word the world over, and the many who possess Coalport, and the many more who would like to, will find in this book by Compton Mackenzie the tradition behind the product they so much admire. Published by Collins. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white. From your bookseller, 16/- net. In case of difficulty write to Coalport, Stoke-upon-Trent.



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Motor Car Manufacturers
To H.M. King George VI

the lively, likeable

Lanchester

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED - COVENTRY 03



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No longer need she bother with rugs and wraps. No longer need the engine heat go to waste. For car manufacturers are now fitting and exclusively recommending the Smiths Car Heating and Ventilating Equipment which uses this surplus heat to give luxurious comfort when driving through frosty nights or cold damp evenings.

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and ventilating equipment

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M	4	11	18	25		
Tu	5	12	19	26		
W	6	13	20	27		
Th	7	14	21	28		
F	1	8	15	22	29	
S	2	9	16	23		

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FEB 23rd



CHARIVARIA

"THE fact that a third of the world's surface has become forbidden territory," says a broadcaster, "must be laid at Russia's door." Any misgivings that the rest of it is going the same way must, however, be attributed to a vigilant Treasury.



If an empty bottle is dipped into liquid helium at very low temperatures, says a newspaper feature, the helium will flow up the outside of the bottle and into the top until the levels are the same inside and out. Its behaviour when it finds the bottle corked must be one of the major scientific curiosities of the age.

"As an experiment in night traffic-control, the white-clad traffic-policeman at the Place de l'Alma in Paris is now being floodlit to ensure that night drivers do not miss him in the dark."

Times of India

Vive le sport!

Unesco is to cost Britain five thousand pounds less this year. It sounds as though one of their typists has been sacked.



"Assistant Master required in January to teach general subjects in the Lower School. Strong English desirable."

Adet. in Manchester Guardian
Boys will be boys.

Germany has declined to supply any troops for a European army until the Saar question has been settled. Dr. Adenauer feels that his policy can do with a little less blood and a little more iron.

"RAW MATERIALS CONTROL

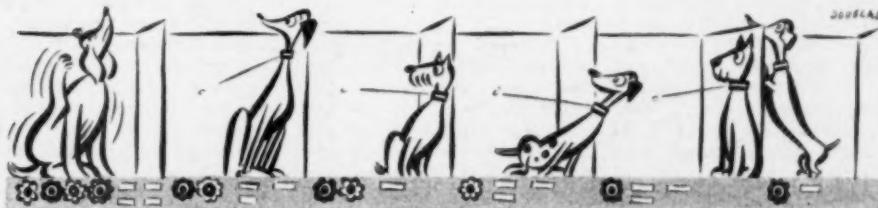
Recent exp. with metals coll.
Degree in line of education."

Adet. in California paper

Is that quite fair?

It was said of a girl of seven who appeared before Southend juvenile court that she "even went to a bank and asked for money." At her age she could hardly be blamed for not knowing how hopeless that was.

The *Quo Vadis* film, which opened at two West End cinemas last week, was given an "X" certificate by the British Board of Film Censors. Disappointed children are demanding that adults be excluded from the forthcoming feature film about Superman.



SWEENEY SAFE

"At a zebra crossing the pedestrian has right of way"

SCVILLA with heads tentacular,
Sexi-dental, ever raves;
And there Charybdis 'neath the fig
Gulps, regurgitates the waves.

The distance narrows; Pharaoh's
horse
Paw and scent Israelitish blood;
Moses with his fearful tribe
Faces the incarnadined flood.

The devil on the precipice
Makes all the swinish herd to flee;

Below, the sole alternative,
Is set the unforgiving sea.

To Sweeney, on his jungle path,
On either side potential evil
Frets, and he is poised between
A devil and an equal devil.

But Sweeney in his office coat
That quite conceals a quake
inside,
Picking his way from stripe to stripe,
Achieves at length the other side.

Charybdis gurgles, Scylla yells,
And Pharaoh gathers up his
host;
Sea, devil, roar; but Sweeney's still
A bank cashier, and not a ghost.

Doris for democratic tea
Has cooked for him a pair of
kippers;
Far off the brakes screech; Sweeney
views
The television in his slippers.

G. H. VALLINS

ε ε

VIGIL

I WEIGHED the chances.

I decided that if I stood at the window and concentrated it would be a clever man who could get past me. Nevertheless, I might lose a tactical advantage if he saw me: I might appear to be too expectantly anxious. Finally, I knelt so that my eye was nearly level with the sill, changing knees every so often.

(It's Tuesday and I'm going to try for sausages, my wife had said before she left. Ask for five hundred-weight and tell him we are due four and make him a cup of tea and you should get two—oh, and you might give him half a crown and do the potatoes while you are waiting. I will, I said.)

I admitted to myself that if I had had a little more experience I might have been able to tell (for instance, by the sudden flurry of housewives, the whine of a dozen windows suddenly upflung) of his approach. Or was there a kind of street telegraph? Should I fling up my own window and wave and shout? Or perhaps a short burst down to the front door when I heard ponderous wheels... There was, I felt sure, a procedure. I did not feel like throwing myself down in the path of the lorry.

(Perhaps you had better help

him carry it in, she had advised. If he's the one that wears an old check sports coat, he's a dodderer.)

The first alarm caught me slightly off my guard, tip-toeing through from the kitchen with the potatoes. I ran to the window in a panic, and saw a man with a pot of ferns at the front door. We did a quick deal, Romeo-and-Juliet fashion, and because he offered to return the potatoes I threw him two shillings and he left the ferns on the door-step. I sat down with my back to the wall, the palms of my hands sweating. I made some show of peeling what potatoes there were left—until someone called me from the porch below. I rose to my full height, and a woman in some kind of uniform asked me if my name was Harkaway. I waved her away, begging her not to block the gateway as I was expecting the coalman...

(Lay some newspapers on the stair carpet, she had strongly suggested. I hate that crunching noise all over the place, especially if he brings a mate. And try to look cold—you never know. I will, easily, I said.)

Perhaps I slept a little, then, because the phone rang loudly, and the potatoes ran like live things about the floor. It was Mrs. Arbuthnot in No. 38.

"Oh, I thought you were Sybil," she said. "I was wondering whether you'd seen the coalman?"

"No, but I'm watching," I replied. "At least, I was..."

"Well, if I miss him, will you ask him to call at me, and if it's nuts tell him not to bother, will you? I'll do the same if you like."

"Have you laid newspapers?" I asked professionally.

"What? Goodness, no! That's tempting Providence." Oh, I said to myself, I hadn't thought of that.

"Er—what had you thought of giving him?" I made this sound casual.

"One of Jim's cigars and a couple of bob."

"Better give him a cup of tea instead of the cigar," I advised. "It might just..."

"Did Sybil tell you about the coats?"

"Coats?"
"Yes—well, put on your coat and scarf, and blow on your hands. Sort of atmosphere, you know."

"I see. Thanks. No, she didn't, except that I was to look cold. Well..."

"Yes, all right. Good-bye." And Mrs. Arbuthnot rang off.

(Lucky I came back when I did, said my wife. I caught the coalman passing as I came in. He's coming up now. Go down and hold the front door open while I put the kettle on. And try and get lumps. I will, I said.)

FERGUSSON MACLAY



WILL HE EXTRICATE HIMSELF?

!!! ANOTHER GRIPPING INSTALMENT ON MARCH 4th!



"Why the molto vivace?"

COMING AND GOING

CARRYING the local paper I strode decisively into the room. "Start unpacking!" I said. "We're going by air."

"I don't want to go by air," my popsie said. "There's a perfectly good slow train at two o'clock, and I've bought seventeen magazines."

"Let's go by air," I said. "There's a plane leaving in an hour." I quoted from the local rag: "Three services daily. No standing."

"Do you realize what would happen if we went by air?" asked my popsie. "We would fly into cumulus clouds. The aircraft would be thrown up and down, eventually down; the clouds would be stupefied by static electricity (whatever that is); the compass would spin like a roulette wheel; lumps of bad weather would shoot off the propellers, and if there was any condensation, you can bet it would freeze the controls solid. Furthermore, if the aircraft was positively charged—I don't know what that means, I only know that it would be—you can be sure that a flash of lightning from a negatively charged cloud in the vicinity would hit us. You can bet your latest debt that there would be nothing but negatively charged

clouds in any vicinity we visited; and if they weren't negatively charged when we started out, somebody would travel ahead charging them, or uncharging them, as the case may or may not be, depending upon whether they are or are not, which in turn depends—"

"Silence!" I roared. Then I said, more quietly. "Take it calmly. That way leads to neurosis."

"Listen!" shouted my popsie. "I don't like the cold, and at 35,000 feet it may be minus 67 degrees Fahrenheit, while the density, or what's left of it, would explode my ball-pointed pen. Furthermore, at that altitude you would develop claustrophobia, or worse. Sometimes up there people get sleepy, are inclined to give away money, and have a tendency to sit down and make a start on the works of Francis Brett Young."

She stopped for breath. I said, quickly, "What I have been waiting to tell you—accumulating a great mass of positively charged frustration, fulmination and dehydrated inhibition while doing so—is that we're not going in that sort of aircraft. Ours will be a helicopter."

"They haven't got wings!" said my popsie in horror. "Are you sure they're safe?"

"As safe as houses," I said.

"What sort of houses?"

"The Houses of Parliament."

"Doesn't the wind affect them?"

"That depends upon whether the helicopter is coming or going," I said. "It also depends upon whether the wind is going or coming."

My popsie trembled visibly. "What—what happens if we fly into a wind of equal speed?"

"Then," I said, "we wouldn't know whether we were coming or going."

"Give me a few minutes to think about it," said my popsie. "I'll give you my decision then."

"You've had your few minutes," I said. "Do you realize just how much has been going on while you've been delaying me with trivial objections? Thirty thousand authors have written 89,718 words in thirty thousand novels; 684,001,175 people have sat or fallen down, while 649,051,382 have stood up. In the United States 75,984 vehicles and 95,193 people have had breakdowns. In London, England, a man has thought of a joke which will become a byword. Over ten years it will cause 84,331,792 people to laugh, and when applied to a politician will make him lose his temper. In Birmingham, England, two people have stood still to determine which way the wind was blowing. Instantly a queue formed which grew quickly to eighty people. With great presence of mind private enterprise chartered two buses, and the queue is now having an uncomfortable day in Bristol. A man in Hot Springs, Arkansas, has now been sitting on a pole for eight days and eleven hours. Interviewed by far too many reporters his sister has said 'I guess Joe wanted to show that people are worried about the way things are going and, I guess, coming.' And you," I said to my popsie, "with your perspective out of perspective, are worrying about ice on the wings of an aircraft which hasn't got any. Is it reasonable in this day and hour? Come on! We shall be late."

"Have you got enough money?"

"Money? What for?"

"The helicopter fare."

"I suppose so."

"How much will it cost?" asked my popsie.

I hadn't even thought about that, and I looked again at the local rag. "On second thoughts," I said, "after mature consideration, and bearing in mind your wishes, we'll go by rail."

"In Cardiff, which has a population about a third of Manchester's, the fire brigade dealt with 609 fires, or just under half the city's total.

York firemen, serving a population a seventh of Manchester's, were called to just under 300 fires inside York—a much greater proportion.

Actually Manchester, with a 62nd of the population of England and Wales, had a 47th of the total number of fires in 1950. An encouraging figure."—*Evening Chronicle*

Go to it, Manchester—100 per cent next year!

CIRCULATION OF MONEY

"HULLO, old man! Didn't expect to find you at home on a Saturday. What's it all in aid of?"

"I'm minding the youngest while my wife is at the Monypenny-ffyffes'. They've gone away for a week's holiday, and Nora's cooking and running the house for their children and the German nurse."

"Holiday—this time of year?"

"Yes, they had to. Mrs. M.-ff. was quite knocked up with acting as part-time stewardess at the golf club."

"Couldn't the steward's wife have done that?"

"Mrs. Daly? No—she comes and does for us."

"Jolly decent of Mrs. M.-ff. to help out."

"Well, of course, she needs the money. They couldn't pay Hiltiuda otherwise."

"Then it's jolly decent of Nora."

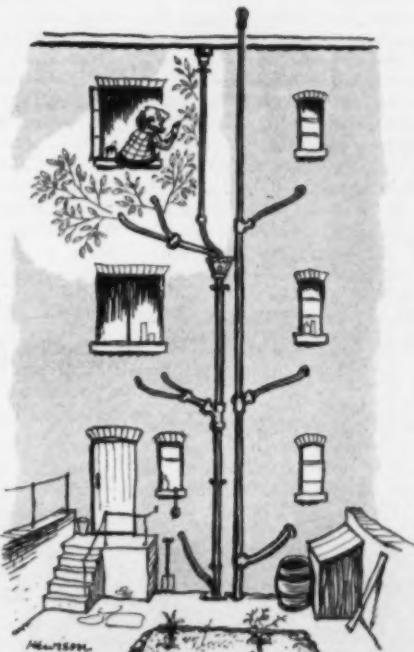
"Oh, she gets paid too. Otherwise we couldn't afford Mrs. Daly."

"Well, couldn't Nora stop at home and do without Mrs. D.?"

"No, because then I should have no spare time to get on with my book."

"What book?"

"Oh, just a pot-boiler: but it should bring in enough to keep the elder children at school so that Nora will have time to go out to people like the Monypenny-ffyffes."





NO MEAN CITY

TO those intrepid Scots who hurtle in to Glasgow by omnibus on a Saturday afternoon from Cardross, Kilsyth, or Kilmarnock to do the week's shopping and see the weekly film, the first sign of Spring is the appearance of brigands in Sauchiehall Street. The improbable manifestation of gnomes, pirates, and Men from Mars among the uncompromisingly prosaic and unromantic highways of the city is, however, explained when a large collecting can (with a slot for coins and a small hole for banknotes, postal orders, and bearer bonds) is rattled meaningfully under the nose of the out-of-town visitor and that of the permanent or endemic Glaswegian. With the philosophic reflection of "Ay, it'll be the students again," both residents and day-trippers prepare to be menaced for their all.

Glasgow University Charities Week began shaking the loose change out of the citizens in 1921, armed with a constitution authorizing it "to collect monies for disbursement to Charitable Institutions

in Glasgow and the West of Scotland." In the last thirty years the marauding students have collected (mostly in coppers) nearly £400,000, and are now averaging a haul of about £20,000 a year. To begin with this money was distributed to voluntary hospitals: at present it goes to help maintain nearly forty non-nationalized institutions, for even to-day many valuable causes without Government support are in need of every penny that can be spared, and have good reason to thank the young men and women who become beggars for a week on their behalf.

The University, which last year celebrated the five-hundredth anniversary of its foundation by Bishop Turnbull, has outgrown its original home (now a goods yard) these eighty years and more, and is now situated in what my encyclopaedia calls "a magnificent pile of buildings" on Gilmorehill in the west of the city. Below it the turbid River Kelvin flows through a park which also contains an immense statue of Thomas Carlyle. It (the park—not, of course, the statue) is bisected by a broad ceremonial thoroughfare called, for reasons which will be obvious to those gentlemen who are still awake, Kelvin Way. It is in this wide tree-lined avenue that the procession which marks the culminating point of Charities Week begins, at an early hour, to assemble. Although preliminary

softening-up operations have been carried out during the week by house-to-house collectors, by a student revue (the present one called with traditional originality "College Pudding"), and by the presiding genius—this year a rapacious, red-turbaned character named Anna Bobova (this is thought to be a pawky Scots joke)—the main assault is launched on Saturday.

One hundred lorries make at any time an impressive convoy. When every lorry carries between twenty and fifty students, each in the final stages of chronic fancy dress, the spectacle is awe-inspiring. The lorries, hired from innocent contractors, if not rendered completely unrecognizable as vehicles were hung about with ribald veterinary slogans, or with such alluring announcements as "It's Your Money We're After," "Help Us Carry The Can Back," "Vampires Suck Blood—So Do We," and, inexplicably, "Munnings Is the Root of All Evil."

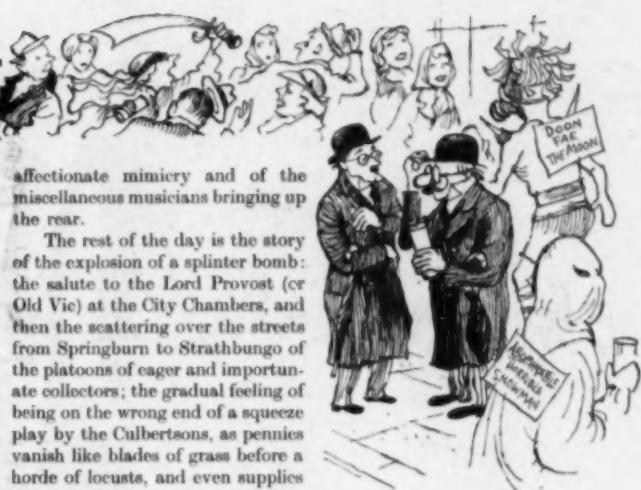




But even the unwanted splendour of the lorries was subdued beside the riotous ingenuity of the individual efforts to appear in a disguise at once warm, attractive, cheap and available. The Charities Queen, deep-sea divers and washerwomen, a set of Marx Brothers, a witch on a broomstick with a three-speed gear, nigger minstrels and Chelsea Pensioners, Rank Bajin (a local celebrity), second-row forwards dressed as Girl Guides, a quartet of improbably muscular Springboks, the Loch Ness Monster—all were there, with many thousands more whose costumes could be most truthfully classified as "Fancy (Miscellaneous)" or "Fancy (Mainly from Domestic Sources)."

There were, as usual, the topical items: most prevalent being the innumerable abominable snowmen; bitterest, perhaps, the disillusioned gentleman who masqueraded as the Class Z Reserve, bearing the cynical invitation "Call me up some time"; certainly the coldest, a Spartan undergraduate who labelled himself "B.C. 49" and whose costume consisted of a policeman's cap, a sack, and a pint or two of woad. And, of course, a collecting can.

The energetic rattling of these cans all but drowned the brisk wailing of the pipes as the column moved off on the opening parade from Gilmorehill to the heart of the city. The pipers, however, with that insensitive concentration which is the first and perhaps the only qualification for mastery of the instrument, were deaf to any other sound, and equally unmindful of the student with the golf umbrella capering beside their drum-major in



affectionate mimicry and of the miscellaneous musicians bringing up the rear.

The rest of the day is the story of the explosion of a splinter bomb: the salute to the Lord Provost (or Old Vic) at the City Chambers, and then the scattering over the streets from Springburn to Strathbungo of the platoons of eager and importunate collectors; the gradual feeling of being on the wrong end of a squeeze play by the Culbertsons, as pennies vanish like blades of grass before a horde of locusts, and even supplies of small silver grow short; the firm refusal of shops to change half a crown into pennies; the sudden incursion into tram, omnibus and subway (fifteen stations on a circular route—all the way round for 2d.) of inexorable toll-gatherers thinly camouflaged as Chinamen or pierrots; the system, recalling the protection rackets of the 'twenties, by which immunity from charitable assault and battery can be purchased (Cars and Individuals, 20s.); the dispersal in the afternoon to drain the pockets of Outlying Districts, a football gate at Anniesland, the shopping crowds in Paisley, the surprised citizens of all Clydeside;



the laden lorries racing back along the boulevards at high tea-time.

They say that if the manager of one of Glasgow's countless cinemas sees no queue outside his premises on a Saturday evening he telephones the police and reports an outbreak of plague. There is perhaps only one Saturday in the year when this is not precisely true, for, as night fell, the procession re-formed in the centre of the city, and, seizing one more opportunity to tap the reservoir of Glasgow's goodwill, made its way by the light of a thousand torches back to Gilmorehill and up the wide tree-lined (wait for it) avenue to the grounds of the University. There the familiar marvels of rockets, catherine wheels, and pyrotechnicolour acrobats lured yet another crowd. The exhausted students and the public—equally exhausted but in a different way—indulged for the last time in friendly backchat over the sale of "Ygorra," the Charities Week magazine: it is understood that this name is not really a Scots joke.

The burden passes now to the meticulous souls who count, among other offerings, nine tons of assorted coppers. The size of their task is a fair proof that the natives of Glasgow have an undeserved reputation for their ability to resist appeals. PHILIP DREW



"Perhaps you'd just slip this on for size."

INTERVIEWS WITH THE ANONYMOUS

II. Glad Tidings!

WE found the bringer of good news in the dungeon of Aix Municipal gaol. It was cold and damp there, and he was keenly regretting the rash impulse that had led him to discard his buff-coat and jack-boots. He was feeling, too, that it had been an error of judgment to let go belt and all.

"Are you the sworn tormentor?" he asked, with a marked absence of cordiality. "We said no, we were not. "I was told to expect him," he said. "What do you want?"

"We have," we said, "a copy of your statement to the burgomaster of Aix, and there are certain ambiguities in it which you might care to clear up!"

"You might bear in mind," said the messenger, "how I was situated when that statement was made. If you have ever sat on the ground with a horse's head between your knees, and tried to pour a bottle of wine down his throat, you will agree that it is not a posture conducive to clarity of thought and diction. Add a crowd of people flocking round asking fool questions, and you have the perfect set-up for a little ambiguity."

We bowed our recognition of his point. "True," we said, "but that hardly explains, for example, the circus act you performed at the outset of your expedition."

"Circus?"

"Circus," we repeated firmly. "It is our opinion that the harnessing of a horse by its rider while going at full gallop in pitch darkness belongs to the sawdust ring and nowhere else."

"The grooms at Ghent," he said, a little too smoothly, "are a ham-handed crew. Besides, there was some hurry."

We indicated our acceptance of that theory. "Furthermore," we continued, "although, on your own admission, you had moonlight, twilight, starlight and daylight, in that order; and though you were able to recognize no fewer than five towns along your route, you did not set eyes upon your horse until sun-up."

That shook him for a moment. Then he said "There were conditions of local fog."

"Just round you and Roland?"

"Just round Roland."

"Very well," we said, "we will accept that, and I hope for your sake that the sworn tormentor is equally accommodating. We will," we continued, "overlook certain unlikely peculiarities about Roland himself—one ear pointing ahead, and the other astern. Nor will we inquire how it was that he could eye you askance, unless you were riding in an unorthodox fashion—slung between his forelegs or something."

"Those are matters all capable of simple explanation," he said.

We said we hoped so, and passed to our next point.

"This good news—surely news which, so you said, could alone save Aix from its fate, might be timely news, or important news, or sensational news—but hardly 'good.'"

He said it was a matter of taste. We wondered if the sworn tormentor was anything of a stickler for literary style.

"We are not," we confessed, "much of an equestrian ourself, but we would not expect the failing powers of a horse which had been galloping all night to be much stimulated by his rider standing in the stirrups, clapping his hands, and making any noise, bad or good."

He smiled. "As you say, you are not much of an equestrian."

"And finally," we said, "what is the good news?"

"In the haste of our departure," he said, "we forgot to ask."

"We find that difficult to swallow," we told him sadly, "and so will the sworn tormentor."

The bringer of good news shrugged his shoulders.

"You know," he said, "they are not really worried about the news at all. What vexes them is that they gave me their last measure of wine."

G. H. M. NICHOLS

2 2

"COUNT FLIES WITH BABY"
News Chronicle

A new Children's Hour feature?





"My husband is writing a strong letter to the newspapers. He doesn't think we ought to be doing this."

JOT AND TITTLE

THE jot and tittle are a subtle pair:
They indicate, when they are seen at all,
The quantity of what is never there
But, if it were, would be extremely small.

Positively we use them very little;
They must be something that we have not got:
One has a little sugar, not a tittle,
A tot or spot of whisky, not a jot.

It is as partners they are known to fame;
They hunt in couples, but disjunctively;
Though why they should when both mean much the
same,
And neither much, is difficult to see.

A tittle does not work alone a lot,
Though learned lawyers use a certain quota
For evidence the others have not got,
Like particle, scintilla or iota.

A jot, alone, is what we do not care,
Gaily resolved, half smiling and half frowning,
Pleasantly conscious of an old-world air,
Manly but warm, like something out of Browning.

Their singulars are used, their plurals not,
Their non-existence being *a priori*:
There being not a tittle or a jot,
Tittles and jots are barred *a fortiori*.

P. M. HUBBARD

BACK TO SLAPSTICK

I AM not sufficiently in touch with the modern cinema to know whether the vogue of the custard-pie comedy still survives in Hollywood, but there can be no doubt about its continuing popularity in the restaurant where I lunch. About once a week on an average, somewhere along the hazardous route from self-service counter to vacant table, an involuntary artist will delight the customers with a little masterpiece in this simple but satisfying genre. Although the principal part in these productions calls for careful casting, almost anyone can be a bit player. I once had the latter distinction myself. The leading rôle belonged to a man who was trying, contrary to the accumulated wisdom of the ages, to balance his rice pudding on top of his coffee. Though my table was several feet away, I was caught by the blast. The lateral spread of rice pudding when dropped from about waist high is astonishing. I was wearing, naturally, my best suit, the one priced at the very top of the utility range. What was really uncanny was the way that, far into

the afternoon, I kept finding on the trousers little splashes of rice that I had overlooked.

But in using the word masterpiece to describe these unpretentious comedy trifles I run into danger of falling into Hollywood's own error. The label "super epic" applied indiscriminately to the merely routine becomes recognizable for the folly it is when the unchallengeably genuine epic presents itself. Yesterday we were made to realize that all we have so far witnessed belongs, to keep the cinematic allusion, to the era of "The Great Train Robbery," to the far-off days when Los Angeles was a village and Mack Sennett had yet to meet Conklin. Even the rarely seen full-length trip, which we have hitherto regarded as the summit of achievement in this class of comedy, we now perceive was no better than promising. Yesterday the promise was fulfilled. The future can show only decline.

Even now, though I saw it all, I am a little bewildered at the speed of it. He was an end loader, as stout



"I've bought you a packet -
of pipe-cleaners, dear."

men often are. Unable to operate comfortably in the confined space between table and chair, it is their practice to stand in the gangway and slide their loaded trays, endwise on, into position. This exponent of a method which I have always considered an awkward one, and fraught with the possibilities of disaster, had, in fact, succeeded in getting his tray, to all appearances securely, on to the table. True that about six inches of its long side overhung the edge, but one more push of his great thighs would right that. But somehow, instead of pushing, he leant. I suppose that what happened next was something to do with Archimedes, with the edge of the table as a fulcrum, but it wasn't until afterwards that I thought of that. At the time it seemed as though the tray were hinged to his middle. It swung up through ninety degrees with the speed of a weaver's shuttle. He put out his arms to ward it off, but much too slowly. The tray got inside his defences, and, his hands meeting behind it, for one delirious moment it seemed that he was actually hugging the vile thing to his bosom.

He was a man with a healthy appetite. As he prized the tray away and the crockery cascaded about his feet, it was possible to see how healthy. From his chin to his lowest waistcoat button he was deluged with tomato soup; the day's



"How do I get a sleep-walking guest
out of the revolving door?"

special—Irish stew—was spattered all over him, with gouts of mutton fat adhering to his hair. For a sweet he had chosen, perhaps in a half-hearted attempt at slimming, a rather watery stewed fruit, with custard. The dab of butter impressed upon his tie and the general overlay of coffee call for only passing mention.

There are degrees of misery so bottomless that sympathy is an impertinence. The man was dehumanized, a mere mass of raw nerve endings. No possible degree of fortitude could rally anyone under disaster so sudden and so overwhelming. I caught his eye, and the death-wish was strong in it. "Let me cease to be," he was praying. "Blot me out; efface me; strike me off the record. Never mind my twenty or thirty years' expectation of life; never mind my superannuation benefits, my maturing endowment policy. Take the lot, but *take me too*. If there is mercy in heaven, *don't leave me standing here with the rest of this thing still to live through*."

He was so right, it was so much the only way, his wounds were so obviously mortal, that I closed my eyes and prayed too. But when I opened them again he was still there, with his abject misery congealing upon him, and his horror-glazed eyes still on me. Suddenly his appearance struck a chord in my memory. I had seen just such a vast despairing bulk before, I realized—from the peanut-shelling darkness of the one-and-threes. I waited for the tortured lips to utter their customary old-time cry, a cry mingling cosmic anguish with Olympian exasperation—"Don't just sit there, Stanley. Do something."

It was that thought, I swear, and only that, which set me laughing. I shall tell the magistrate so when the case comes up for hearing. One can only hope he is not the kind of purblind legal dignitary capable of asking "Who are Laurel and Hardy?"

* * *

"The vast majority of books fall into one of two classes—they are either fiction or non-fiction."—Everybody's

You're guessing.

IDENTIFICATION

"YOUR mother says that Stores place she goes to seems cleaner than the other shop," the woman said.

The man agreed with his mother. "So it is."

"What's dirty about the other shop?"

He saw himself trapped. "I didn't mean it was dirty. It's higgledy-piggledy."

"You expect it in a country shop. They've got *everything* there."

He reserved his position.

"There's nothing you can *think* of they haven't got."

"Razor blades?" he inquired cautiously.

She despised them. "My coal hod came from there."

"It did?"

"And the floor stain. You know the shop I'm talking about?" she insisted.

"The shop where the girl serves we were talking to yesterday."

"Not the shop where the girl serves who's adopting the little boy. The shop where the girl serves who got married last summer. Your father was standing outside the shop and another man said to him 'Here comes the bride.'"

"It seems to have been a fairly obvious remark."

"You know what shop I'm talking about now?"

He guessed. "The shop next to the greengrocer's."

"That's Marcus's." She tried him on the other one. "What shop

was I talking about when I called it 'The Stores'?"

"I don't know."

"You remember about your father and the sugar?"

He seemed doubtful.

"How your mother went to get the sugar on an emergency, and when she got home they'd forgotten to put it in!"

There was no light.

"Your father said he'd go round and see if they'd got it, and the man was rude to him."

He remained mute.

She went on. "How often have I told you not to serve sugar on emergencies?" he said to the woman.

"My father?"

"The man. 'We're short.' Well, we *were* short." She conceded the point. "Shall I let him have it or not?" the woman said, and the man said angrily 'Yes, let him have it!'

"He'd paid for it!"

"Your mother had. It was the man's rude manner that made your father annoyed. 'Well,' he said, you remember, 'I could have said something to him. But I thought to myself 'Mother's got to deal there,' so I kept quiet.'"

"It seems to have been a statesmanlike decision."

"And since then, of course," the woman pursued, "he simply refuses to go in the shop. He'll go with your mother as far as the door, then he'll wait outside."

He tested his father's resolution.

"If it's raining?"

"I suppose he doesn't go with her if it's raining. Do you remember the shop now?"

He admitted it. "No."

"You don't honestly?"

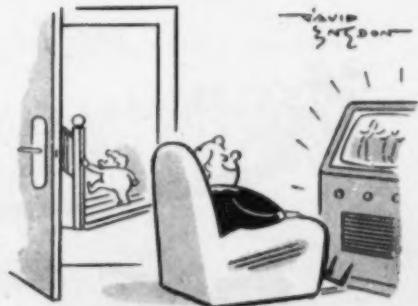
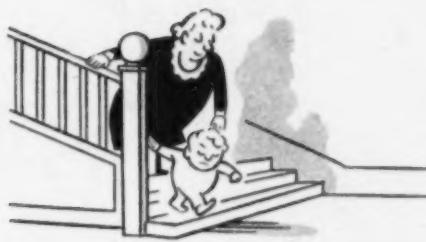
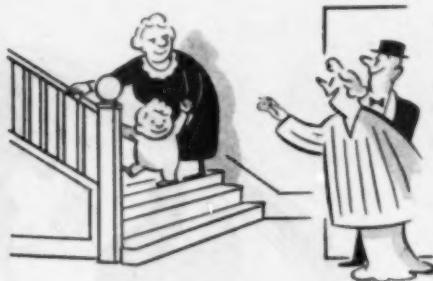
He leapt in the dark. "Next to the garage."

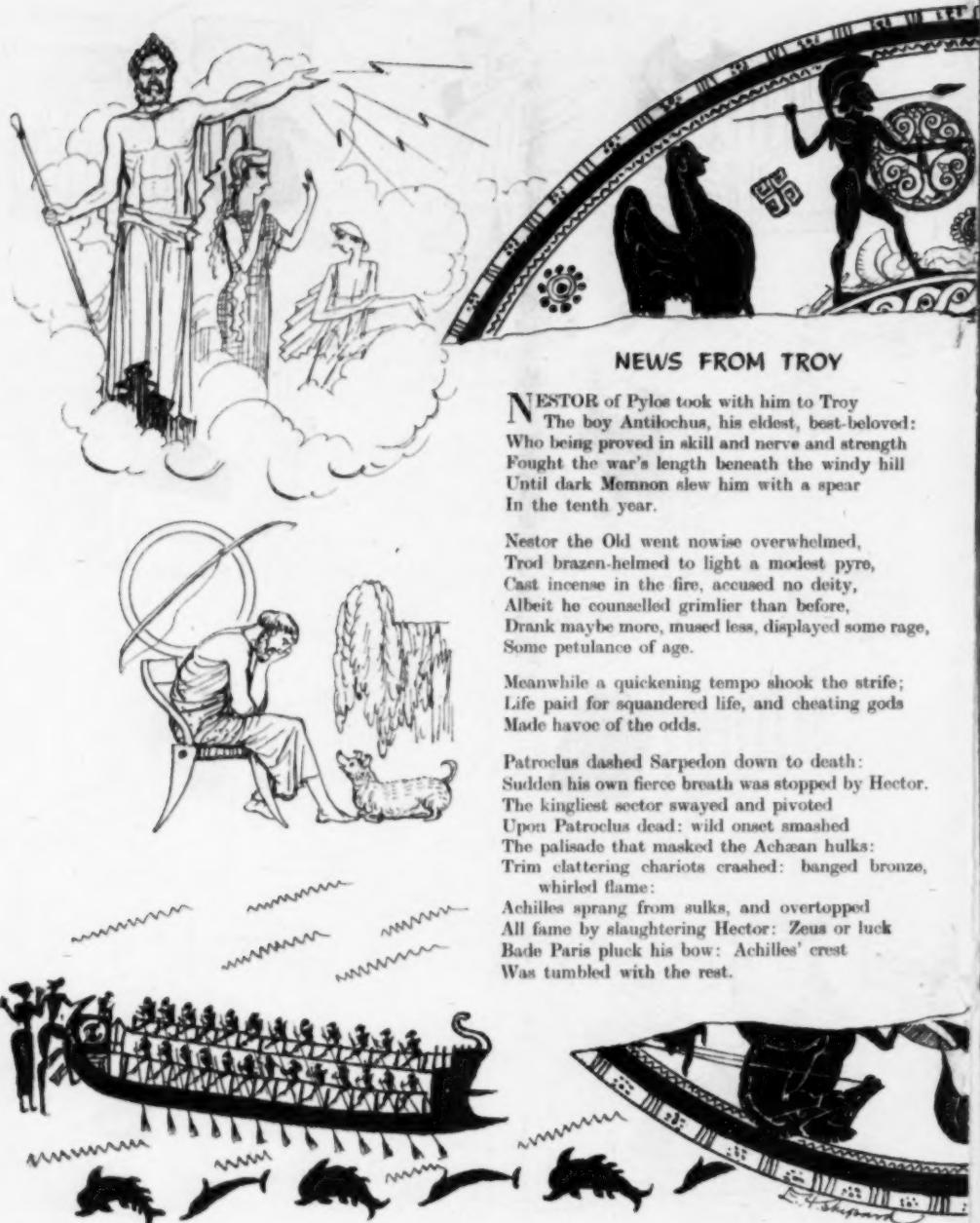
"That's Motting's." She embarked on a witch hunt. "Why did you tell me you thought it was cleaner than the other one when you didn't know either of them!"

"Well—" the man said.

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE







NEWS FROM TROY

NESTOR of Pylos took with him to Troy

The boy Antilochus, his eldest, best-beloved:
Who being proved in skill and nerve and strength
Fought the war's length beneath the windy hill
Until dark Memnon slew him with a spear
In the tenth year.

Nestor the Old went nowise overwhelmed,
Trod brazen-helmed to light a modest pyre,
Cast incense in the fire, accused no deity,
Albeit he counselled grimlier than before,
Drank maybe more, mused less, displayed some rage,
Some petulance of age.

Meanwhile a quickening tempo shook the strife;
Life paid for squandered life, and cheating gods
Made havoc of the odds.

Patroclus dashed Sarpedon down to death:
Sudden his own fierce breath was stopped by Hector.
The kingliest sector swayed and pivoted
Upon Patroclus dead: wild onset smashed
The palisade that masked the Achaean hulks:
Trim clattering chariots crashed: banged bronze,
Whirled flame:

Achilles sprang from sulks, and overtopped
All fame by slaughtering Hector: Zeus or luck
Bade Paris pluck his bow: Achilles' crest
Was tumbled with the rest.

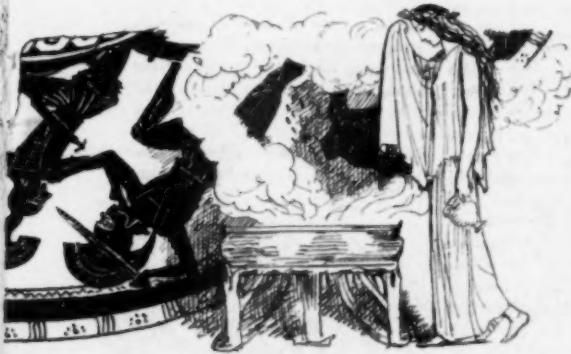


Sly Paris perished: sage Odysseus airod
The ghastly Horse: the fleet retired, returned:
Lastly Troy burned. The shrines were overset,
The stones ran wet, the Greeks took no surrender,
Helen's own splendour scarcely dodged the sword
Of her infuriate lord.

The tumult died along the desolate shore,
And only sea-birds tore and smoke-clouds drifted.
Far off the bright prows lifted: flying foam
Stung the proud lips of those triumphant kings
Heaving their plunder home. Dooms fell: revolt,
Axe, thunderbolt, or shattering of the ships
And ten-year wanderings.

One here and there held straight, escaped disaster,
Found himself master of his rights and realm,
Hung up his helm and promised to relate
Cruel tales on winter nights when winds blew drearily.

But Nestor, landing wearily at Pylos, said:
Antilochus is dead.





OLD SHAVERS

MY grandfather, I remember, was No. 63. His mug stood on the sixth row of the rack, third from the end on the left. It was a simple white earthenware pot with a built-in tray to hold the shaving-soap, and the number "63" was enamelled in red in elaborate flowing figures. Whenever I was permitted to accompany my grandfather to the barber's I would sit on the high, straight-backed, prickly horse-hair bench, my legs swinging, and wonder at the precision of that mug-rack. It surprised me that the barber should have exactly one hundred customers (ten rows of ten), that he could remember their numbers so expertly, and that the mugs were always set in perfect alignment with their figures facing the chairs and plumb in the centre of their respective pigeon-holes.

In those days shaving was a leisurely business. The lathering boy (he was nicknamed "Slosh") spent a good ten minutes working up a thick layer of lubricating spindrift and rubbing it into my grandfather's face with the palm of his hand, ("A good lather," wrote William Hone in his *Every-Day Book*, "is half the shave.") He worked at top speed, only pausing now and again to sweep away an accumulation of suds from the region of the nostrils with a polite and carefully levered little finger. While "Slosh" sloshed, the barber would be honing and stropping his razor, testing it with his thumb, and preparing for the operation.

Then the chair would be given its final adjustment and the shave would begin. Superb craftsmanship. The thumb and forefinger nipping the tip of the nose and stretching the skin above the upper lip, the delicate handling of the ear as the razor swathed through the tough stubble of the side-whiskers, the quick smooth mowing of the throat . . . And then, when all seemed over and my grandfather's face had emerged pink and polished, "Slosh" would step forward again with his mug and brush and prepare for the second seemingly superfluous half of the shave. They always gave each face a second "going-over."

My grandfather used to give the barber threepence—twopence for the shave and a fifty per cent tip. "Slosh" got nothing.

Well, that was many years ago. The battery of shaving-mugs has gone and the barber's son seldom shaves more than half a dozen customers a week. To-day we shave more quickly, possibly more hygienically, and with varying degrees of efficiency, in the privacy of our bathrooms. There is no "Slosh" to apply his comforting balm, and no running commentator to keep us relaxed and amused. We shave with one idea only—to be down to breakfast as soon as possible.

The other day a man in West-meth started to shave just as the first stroke of Big Ben echoed over the radio, and by the eighth stroke the job was done. This may be a record. Of course this fellow said nothing, when staking his claim in a Sunday newspaper, about the *quality* of the shave. He made no mention of cuts and abrasions; he remained silent about the after-shave condition of that peculiarly tufty stretch located along the southern flanks of the jaw-bone. He said merely that he had shaved, and a shave can be as sketchy

and slap-happy as a Braque or as neat and finished as a Vermeer. All the same, his performance is remarkable and says much for the skill of the modern razor-maker.

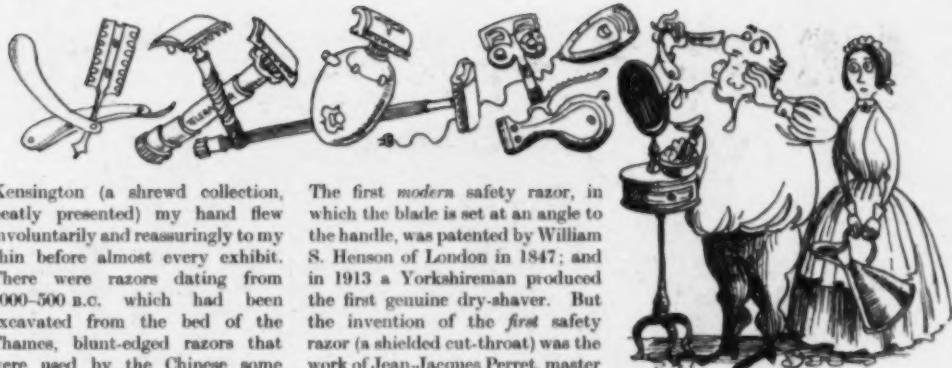
In spite of pre-shave oils, super-fatted soaps, brilliantly precise hollow-ground blades and after-shave lotions I still find shaving a mildly painful chore, and more often than not my handling of the safety razor is followed by the application of styptic pencil or tissue paper, or both. I like to think that these unsatisfactory results stem from the wholly exceptional masculinity of my beard and not from any lack of manipulative skill, but I can't be sure about this. I do know, however, that I often comfort myself, as the alum pricks my jaw, by brooding on the poor old shavers of the past. Poor Pepys, for example:

"To trimming myself, which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. March when I was last at Portsmouth; and I find it very easy, speedy and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it . . ."

Pumice!

But even pumice seems preferable to some of the implements used by the ancients—the chipped flints and sea shells, the bronze razors of the Pharaohs, the iron scrapers of old China. It would be less painful, one would have thought, to burn the whiskers away with a taper than to fall foul of these instruments of torture. At a recent "Razors, Past and Present" exhibition at the Science Museum,





Kensington (a shrewd collection, neatly presented) my hand flew involuntarily and reassuringly to my chin before almost every exhibit. There were razors dating from 1000-500 B.C. which had been excavated from the bed of the Thames, blunt-edged razors that were used by the Chinese some thousand years ago as a medium of exchange, razors shaped like saws, bacon-slicers, knuckle-dusters and scythes—"The blade, which is held between the thumb and first finger with the wooden handle passing between the thumb and first fingers, is worked with a rotary sawing motion"; there were "cut-throats" of every conceivable diabolical design, some naked and lethal, others (the "safety" versions) provided with shields to reduce the depth and extent of laceration; there were modern hollow-ground cut-throats, modern single- and two-edged "safeties," and slick electric dry-shavers.

Also on view was a shaving-bowl. "At one time," I read, "the customer co-operated with the barber by holding a shaving-bowl under his chin." But what exactly was it supposed to catch? And how careless could a barber become without straining this ideal working agreement to breaking-point? Did Sweeney Todd's victims co-operate in this way?

The English, let it be known, have played a not inconsiderable part in the development of the razor.

The first modern safety razor, in which the blade is set at an angle to the handle, was patented by William S. Henson of London in 1847; and in 1913 a Yorkshireman produced the first genuine dry-shaver. But the invention of the first safety razor (a shielded cut-throat) was the work of Jean-Jacques Perret, master cutler of Paris.

As the ghastly milestones in the history of shaving pass before our eyes it is quite natural, surely, that we of the enlightened twentieth century should ask why man has submitted so readily to these centuries of discomfort and torture. Why carve away daily that which is so clearly intended to adorn the male features? Why endure sandpaper jaws when they could so easily become silken delights?

The plain truth is of course that man no less than woman is the slave of fashion, convention and official decree. He goes bearded or clean-shaven because the State, his church or fashion orders it so. He wears whiskers or does not according to his religion, his job, his social position and his particular niche in space-time. Peter the Great put a tax on Russian beards (Calling Mr. Bu-tler!) and Alexander the Great ordered his men to cut off their beards to deprive their enemies of a stranglehold. The Normans were clean-shaven, the Elizabethans bearded: at Blenheim the English were clean-shaven, at Waterloo they wore moustaches, in the Crimea,

beards . . . And to-day—well, an odd beard or two, a few moustaches, and a vast army of slaves to the razor and convention. A pity, really, because so many gorgeous beards are born to blush unseen.

There's one in particular that I have in mind. It has never seen more than the very first light of day and never will; yet, given a chance, it would almost certainly put the beards of King Arthur and Charlemagne to shame. I am sure of it. I can feel it in my bones.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"One thing I will say for our Dramatic Society—they're always slap up-to-date."

SO YOU WANT TO BE A BOXER

YOU are, I believe, a well-known amateur boxer, and you are considering turning professional?

Yes, sir. Do you think I can make the grade?

We shall soon find out. As you have yet to fight professionally, how do you stand with the sporting journalists?

I am the next world's champion.

And when you have won a few preliminary bouts?

The title-holder can't go on avoiding meeting me any longer. He must be pinned down to meeting me, or else relinquish his title.

You sign-up for a title-fight. Describe yourself.

The perfect fighting-machine, combining the savageness of a tiger with the ice-cold brain of a mathematician—

Out of the ring, I mean.

Out of the ring I am just a modest, likeable, quietly-spoken youngster. I am the idol of my home-town. I only want to win to please my mum.

Report the fight briefly.

A fiasco.

Excellent! Enlarge, assuming (if you will forgive me) that you lost.

I displayed nothing of the class that made me look a world-beater six months back. My friends should persuade me to hang up my gloves. I am on my way to becoming a punchie. I am bringing British boxing into disrepute.

Incidentally, why did you lose?

I've got no alibi. The best guy won. I had a job to make the weight. I was weak as a kitten. He hit me low. I had trouble with my gum shield. I slipped a disc training. He had all the breaks. I was thinking all the time about my overdraft. He never hurt me. The referee's decision was crazy. I'm not going to offer any excuses. I'll slay him next time.

So you slay him next time. Or at any rate you win your return contest. What is your rating now?

I regard that question, sir, as elementary. A boxer fighting on home ground is only good until he gets there.

Answer the question, please.

Well, then, I am the unworthiest champion ever to wear the crown by a fluke.

Ah, but you go to America and knock out a—well, not exactly a has-been, but a might-have-been-once.

I now automatically become the greatest since Jim Driscoll. I have brought lasting lustre to British boxing.

Still in America, you lose a world-eliminator rather decisively—

But I've done a grand job for Anglo-American relations. I'm the greatest ambassador we ever sent out there.

Returning home—

I should mention that the Mayor of Southampton is there to meet me.

Returning home, you successfully defend your national title eight or nine times. Each fight is, of course—

Exactly; a fiasco.

After two or three years you finally lose your title.

It was a black night for British boxing. I was outclassed and humiliated. I won the title by accident in the first place, when there wasn't a fighter of class at my weight. The sooner the sorry interlude of my ignoble reign is forgotten, the better.

You try a few come-backs. At last, after a severe defeat, you announce your retirement. What now?

Britain says a sorrowful farewell to one of her all-time greats. Always gallant in victory, and last night magnificent in defeat, I gave a display of gameness and sheer, epic courage that will ring like a clarion down through the ages. My younger, huskier opponent got a lesson in ringcraft the like of which has not been seen since—

Please do not get too enthusiastic about yourself.

Well, anyway, there wasn't a dry eye in the stadium when last night the years alone beat me. The best-loved boxer who ever ducked under the ropes, I never fought a poor fight. I shall for ever be remembered as one of the classic champions of all time, the First Gentleman of the Ring.

How long is "for ever"?

Oh, about two months.

I mark you a clear winner on every round. Go right ahead, my boy—you're the greatest prospect since Jem Belcher. You have a thorough understanding of the game.

Too thorough. I have decided to remain an amateur.

COLIN HOWARD

"A man in search of a nickname hitched his chair up to his office desk in London yesterday to begin his new job.

Lugubrious? Lamenting? . . .

For the chair occupied by Mr. Harold Legerton, aged forty, of Edgware, had been filled for the last twenty-six years by Mr. H. H. Martin, who as secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society was, nicknamed 'Misery Martin.'

Daily paper

By that standard, "lamenting" sounds just about right.

MATCHLESS EPOCH

THERE was plenty of coal in great-grandfather's time,

And yet, in spite of that fact, I Am rather reluctant to play the part

Of laudator temporis acti,

For I still have great-grandfather's tinder-box,

And I've never been able to light it;

There was plenty of coal in his day, no doubt;

His headache was how to ignite it.

E. V. MILNER



"Miss Mumford, take a letter to the
Omega Safety Cradle Co. . . ."

AT THE PICTURES

Quo Vadis
The Wild North

EVERYBODY, I suppose, will go to see *Quo Vadis* (Director: MERVYN LE ROY) out of sheer curiosity; the question of enjoyment is almost irrelevant. I have to admit that curiosity would certainly have been my only motive, and that I wouldn't go across the road to see it for any other reason, except in the way of business. You have probably read all the statistics—two and a half million pounds, thirty thousand extras, three years "in the making," and so forth; the mere scale of the proceedings bludgeons one into taking some kind of interest in the result, but that it can be *enjoyed*, enjoyed like some comparatively cheap film that is well enough done to hold one's pleased attention without a break for eighty minutes, I find almost incredible. This lasts more than twice as long and tries to pack in examples of very nearly every kind of effect well thought of at the box office, but its main appeal of course

rests on spectacle, prodigious spectacle, the sort of thing they advertise with a reiterated "See!"—triumphal marches, huge crowds, great feasts, huge crowds, the burning of Rome, huge crowds, and a final half-hour of fearsome doings with Christians and lions in the arena. Well, the spectacular scenes are impressive enough, and are done about as well as that kind of thing could be done, but events on an enormous scale are not necessarily or unintermittently pleasurable to watch, nor particularly satisfying in retrospect. They are alternated here with scenes ostensibly concerned with the simple story of the Roman commander (ROBERT TAYLOR) and the beautiful Christian (DEBORAH KERR); these are not very interesting, and the episodes that involve the comic villain Nero (PETER USTINOV) and his subsidiary villains are interesting only for the wrong reasons. He is *too* comic; he is plainly enjoying himself too much as an actor. Impossible to take him seriously as a threat to the Christians, or to blame him much for what eventually happens to them. Again, the range, in mere scale, of the effects is disconcerting: on the one hand we have such screens-full as the massed crowds round the arena or the torrents of fire in a Roman street, and on the other the film doggedly rubs in, perhaps in an effort to make it equally impressive, the not very striking point that when Nero looks at something through a green spy-glass it appears green. But everybody will go to the picture: some who honestly like a colossal spectacle, many from curiosity, and a very large number indeed who want to be able to say they've seen it.

The Wild North (Director: ANDREW MARTON) one might sum up as a sort of frozen Western. A colour (Ansco, not Techni) piece about the northern wilds of Canada, it presents STEWART GRANGER as a trapper arrested by a Mountie; on the way back to civilization the Mountie gets lost, and what with one thing and another (snow, lack of food, murderous passers-by, wolves, rapids) it is at last the

trapper who nobly brings in the exhausted and delirious Mountie. A final court scene is arranged to show the trapper acquitted of the murder he was arrested for. This doesn't manage to be particularly gripping, but the scenery is worth looking at, and there is a pleasing subdued luminosity about the colour even in the early, interior (cabin and bar) scenes. Many, too, will want to hear Mr. GRANGER's French accent, bits of which one seems to have heard before from several other people.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Established ones in London include the Swedish *Miss Julie* (12/12/51), the French *Three Telegrams* (2/1/52), the British-American *The African Queen* (16/1/52) and the British *Outcast of the Islands* (30/1/52): a highly varied group, all worth seeing.

No first-rate new releases. There's a good crime piece, *The Racket* (16/1/52) and a big, visually pleasing Western, *Westward the Women* (26/12/51); and JAMES CAGNEY battles with alcoholism in the entertaining melodrama *Come Fill the Cup*.

RICHARD MALLETT



Nero—PETER USTINOV



Jules Vincent—STEWART GRANGER



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Tuesday, January 29

After some seven weeks' recess, one might have thought that the Great Elected

House of Commons: Cuts are Ordered would have returned to work to-day full of the joys of life. But no. Maybe the "Campaign of Terror" (as one Parliamentarian called it) conducted by Ministers, to prepare the country for the economy cuts made necessary by adverse trade balances, had done its work. Maybe it was just the reluctance all human beings (from schoolboys upwards) feel towards a return to work—and discipline.

Whatever the cause, it was certainly a depressed House—so depressed, in fact, that even the arrival of Mr. ATTLEE and Mr. CHURCHILL went unnoticed, unhonoured and uncheered. A strikingly unusual event, this, as leaders almost always gain a cheer on their first appearance after a holiday. The leaders seemed to share the general solemnity, and sat silently in their places, facing each other across the political gulf.

Question-time was notable only for a statement of astonishing length from the War Minister, about the shortage of winter clothing for our troops in Korea—a deficiency now happily remedied. The reply produced (surprisingly) no supplementary questions, but it did later elicit a protest on the ground that—important as it was—it had used ten of the meagre sixty minutes allowed for Questions.

Mr. Speaker agreed mildly that such long statements were better made outside the time-limit, as the rules permit.

And then—after Mr. ANTHONY EDEN had made a short statement on the tragic situation in Egypt and had gained a roaring cheer for his hope that, ere long, an arrangement would be reached which would respect the views of both sides—Mr. R. A. BUTLER, his hands full of typed notes, rose.

One short rumble of cheering.

and then a long, long, attentive silence in all parts of the House. Mr. BUTLER, in his very able and suavely-phrased statement, certainly did not spare the House or the country anything in the way of realism. He said quite bluntly that the economic situation, resulting from the adverse balance of trade between the sterling area and the rest of the world, was "grave." And, that being so, we must take grave steps to meet and beat it.

So... we should import no more coal from the United States; we should import tobacco (with a small cut) because it produced so much revenue for the Treasury; we should

the Government to cut school years. Mr. BUTLER smiled benignly across at the silent and surprised—one hardly likes to suggest disappointed—Opposition.

Soon afterwards it was the Opposition's turn to cheer (it was not altogether clear why) when a cut in the foreign travel allowance from £50 in a year to £25 was announced.

Then Mr. BUTLER mentioned something that caused Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN to sit up with a jerk—that there are to be charges for some parts of the National Health Service. Wigs, for instance, and some surgical applicances, and teeth, and even pills.

And, Mr. B. purred, the Government intended to make use of the plans passed into law by the late Government, imposing a charge of a shilling a time on medical prescriptions issued under the Service. (It should, perhaps, be made clear that the Mr. B. referred to here is Mr. Butler; the other Mr. B.—Mr. BEVAN—came nearer to growling than purring. Less than a year ago Mr. BEVAN gave up his Cabinet office as a protest against this very plan and it was evident that he will have a word or two to say on the matter, in due course.)

Cuts in home supplies of things needing metal in their making, the limiting of hire-purchase ("an incitement to living beyond one's means"), a cut of ten thousand in the Civil Service, a plea for a united effort to rescue the country from its economic perils, and the statement was ended. Ended, that is, except for a pretty broad and ominous hint that "steps" to ensure that there is no private over-spending will be taken in the Budget. And the Budget, for the first time for half a century (interim budgets apart), will be presented before the end of the financial year—on March 4th in fact.

Mr. ATTLEE contented himself with the comment that he and his colleagues were as much concerned as any that the nation's economy



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. ATTLEE (Walthamstow, West)

not ration petrol (because it needed so many officials to enforce it that it was not worth it) but we should ration cars for the home market. And, as to education...

There was, from the Opposition, the sort of anticipatory rustle that presumably arose from those gathered around the guillotine on a busy day during the French Revolution. Mr. BUTLER seemed to realize that honourable gentlemen opposite expected a head or two to fall. But he went on calmly—to tell the House that there would be no cuts in school years, no raising of the school-joining age, no lowering of the school-leaving age.

There arose from the Government benches a shout of triumphant laughter, for the Opposition had spent a great deal of the recess organizing or attending protests against the supposed intention of

should be well-balanced and protected. And then everybody went away to prepare notes for the debate on the whole thing, to begin to-morrow.

Wednesday, January 30

It is, presumably, a commentary on something or other that the

House of Commons
More about Cuts

House of Commons was to-day more than half-empty when the debate on the much-heralded economy cuts began. And there was a general air of listlessness, as though the excitement of yesterday had already been forgotten.

Even Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, who normally manages to embellish even economics and finance with a certain oratorical framework, seemed to find his task difficult when he led the attack on his successor in office. Not that he had any difficulty in marshalling his

facts, or in finding awkward facts to marshal—he is never at a loss in that respect. But, for once, he made what was almost (for him) a dull speech, and the House became still more depopulated.

Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT, who replied at once for the Government, was more fiery and showed that he can still exercise, on the Treasury Bench, that mastery of the House he showed so consistently on the back-benches. But he had little to add to the comprehensive statement Mr. BUTLER had, in his very different manner, presented.

Truth to tell, nobody, on either side, seemed to have any great enthusiasm for the fray, and even the frequent references to Lord WOOLTON's promised "red meat" aroused no more than duty responses. The whole debate was, indeed, little more than a harking back to the general election and its promises, on the one side, and a

dogged forward-looking by the Government, on the other.

From which the reader will deduce (and rightly) that it was not much of a debate. The truth is, as one speaker, at least, remarked—such is the perspicacity and originality of our rulers—that facts speak louder than words. And, he might have added, more cogently.

Such was the mood of the House, that even Mr. CHURCHILL, in a statement on his recess-time visit to Washington, found himself unable to arouse any marked enthusiasm and only a little polite interest. But there is to be a debate on his statement next week, when things may be livelier.

Mr. CHURCHILL himself repudiated any suggestion that his Government, of all Governments, were likely to seek to avoid a "furious row" in the House. Ah, well! if furious rows are what he wants, he may get his wish before long.





Claud Pickering—MR. ANTHONY IRELAND; Lady Archer—MISS OLGA LINDO

AT THE PLAY

Sunset in Knightsbridge (WESTMINSTER)
Summer and Smoke (DUCHESS)



DON'T know why the elderly retired actress in fiction is apt to be such a desperately sad figure; much sadder, for instance, than either the retired boiler welder or the retired boot manufacturer. I should have thought the boiler welder might equally have been credited, in the eventless calm of his Indian summer, with regret for some especial metallurgical triumph, and the boot manufacturer for the brilliant success of a forgotten classic line. But no, when writers wish to draw tears over regrets for past glories you will nearly always find a fading actress gazing wanly over her shoulder. I cannot recall a single case in literature of such a veteran thanking heaven that she has a comfortable sum in the Funds and can at last go to bed at a reasonable hour.

Sunset in Knightsbridge, which is also the second play within a month in which a young sponger comes for a few days and forgets to go, follows this unwritten law. Mr. IRELAND WOOD has adapted it from "An Avenue of Stone," a novel by Miss PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, and I dare say that where he has failed to engage our sympathy for his self-pitying heroine Miss HANSFORD

JOHNSON was more successful in the larger compass of a book. *Lady Archer* has everything one could want, except friends, and nobody attempts to explain why so attractive a woman—Miss OLGA LINDO is guarantee for that—should be without them. Miss LINDO plays her delightfully, but whereas the character that emerges is of a sensible person who unaccountably behaves insanely in her infatuation for her young guest, her aberration would have been easier to believe in had she been a wilder creature from the start.

Apart from *Lady Archer's* stepson—a cynic most welcome among so much hazy emotion, and very incisively taken by Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND—no one in this play seemed to me all there. Her daughter remains gloomily in love with a husband who is both grossly unfaithful and an absurd caricature of an Edwardian good-time soldier; her dead husband's final mistress, presumably intended to reinforce the case for the pathos of departed glamour, appears more than a little odd, while the feeble limpet who stirs up so much trouble is patently astray in his wits.

The play is quite well written, and Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN has

produced it acceptably, but one cannot be in the least moved by such people, because with one exception they are not real. *Lady Archer's* motherly passion for her unlikely gigolo is embarrassing, not touching. Surely self-pity lends itself better to farce than to sentimental treatment!

Regret for the past is also the realm of Mr. TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, whose habit it is to look backwards through rosy gauze. But I think those who feel, as I do, that he has been seriously over-praised may find that *Summer and Smoke* (reviewed here more fully on December 5 last) gets much nearer than his other plays to genuine tragedy. He holds to his cherished see-saw of romantic gossamer and crude violence, yet the collapse of the one big love in the life of his neurotic heroine is handled with impressive understanding. In this difficult part Miss MARGARET JOHNSTON acts brilliantly, and Mr. WILLIAM SYLVESTER gives her stout support.

Recommended

John Gielgud's lovely *Much Ado About Nothing* (Phoenix) is magnificent entertainment. *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket) offers fine acting and *The Lyric Revue* (Globe) sustained satire gaily administered.

ERIC KEOWN



Summer and Smoke
 John Buchanan
 Mr. WILLIAM SYLVESTER

BOOKING OFFICE

Three Novels: North Africa, Ireland, England

MR. JAMES WELLARD is an Englishman with an American background, who lives in Italy and goes from strength to strength as a novelist. He is a robust writer with a keen sense of irony and a compassion confined to no particular corner of humanity. His construction is so dramatic and his dialogue so telling that if he should turn to the theatre he might give us a play out of the ordinary. The subject of his latest novel, *Deep is the Night*, is the most difficult he has yet chosen, and he has tackled it by the tricky method of oblique description by someone almost outside the story. Such a narrator can easily become obtrusive unless firmly disciplined, but Mr. Wellard has used him with so much tact that the novel steadily gathers interest, in spite of a slightness of plot that must at times in its writing have been daunting. An odd and gripping book, which runs with the ease of a detective story but carries below its fluent surface much mature observation, it is about an eccentric young American, an idealist with more energy than humour, who goes to North Africa on a welfare mission, falls in love with a native prostitute whom he is trying to save, and after marrying her is last heard of setting out without her for the farthest desert, perhaps for good. Fletcher is the sort of traveller to turn consuls' hair grey in a night. He learns perfect Arabic, is

bored by European parties, dips deeply into Muslim mysticism, kills a man in Marseilles during his rescue of Laila, and endures the boredom of living in her obscure Berber village in his determination to be fair to her. He is an extremely vivid and convincing character. What might so easily have been a sordid novel turns out anything but that. Laila's slow awakening to a love outside her grim experience is none the less moving for the detachment with which it is described, and in the end it is she who returns to France in a spirit of sacrifice to give herself up for her share in the murder.

Good Friday's Daughter also treats of uphill love, but from a different angle. The smouldering passions it so sensitively analyzes are wrapped up in the frustrations of the enervating climate of the Irish countryside. The novels of Mr. Francis Stuart, who is an artist and a poet, have been widely praised, but there are moments in this new book when one could shake some of his people for their chronic self-pity. Although a writer who can be raucously amusing when he wishes, as in a splendid portrait of a boozey old village doctor, he is inclined to be infected with the despondency of characters who appear by nature predestined to tragedy. Tragedy it is. A novelist returns from Paris to his brother's farm, and takes his brother's wife after infinite mutual heart-searching; together they jump off a cliff, leaving the brother with a potential wife who seems a far more reliable proposition. It is possible to admire the beauty of Mr. Stuart's prose and the delicacy of his perception and yet regret a certain lack of perspective in his outlook. But in his impressionist manner how economically he can give us a whole scene: "A few people passed him in the dusk, heading happily inland. A couple of girls went by with a swing of skirts and a soft flow of syllables, leaving a trace of perfumed powder on the summer air, the tip-tap of their heels quickly gone into the distance, soft birds homing in the fair evening, circling doves around the lit face of the clock-tower over the Post Office."

Of lighter stuff is Miss Marghanita Laski's *The Village*, written very readably in a simple, slightly breathless style, almost as if it were being told to eager children. Miss Laski takes a community that is still miraculously a village though only twenty miles from London, and shows how its rigid social pattern is shattered by the marriage of a major's daughter to a nice young printer. She does this well, impartially and with quick humour, but the fantastic snobbery she presents is surely out of date. Twenty miles from London successful business men are no longer cold-shouldered, whatever their grisly fate in the remote feudal marches, and for even so idiotic a mother as she describes to urge against emigration to New Zealand that an aunt is already there who might be embarrassed by a printer nephew—well!

ERIC KEOWN



"What on earth made her choose him?"

Truth Emerging

Interrogation of German officers since war ended has made many things plain. In *The Struggle for Europe*, for instance, Mr. Chester Wilmot—after quoting chapter and verse to prove that Field-Marshal Montgomery had decided, long before the opening of the Battle of Normandy, to attract the main enemy forces to Caen while giving opportunity for the Americans to break out further west—is now able to show how precisely that thing happened. The grinding advance on the left wing following the struggle on the beaches, which the writer shared to the full, figures largely in a heroic narrative that will rank among the great war histories. There are some sharp lessons here—the ineptitude of German autoocracy, the danger of the preconceived idea in military planning, and most of all the need to think politically even in the heat of action. Failure in this last respect—not by the British leaders—is indicated as the reason why the Allies lost so much to Russia even before the fall of Berlin.

C. C. P.

Chelsea, Mayfair and Harlem

Second Movement continues the leisurely autobiography that Mr. Spike Hughes began in "Opening Bars." It describes the short period when he became immersed in jazz, as critic, performer, arranger and composer. It will be an invaluable source for the historian who studies the impact of jazz on English music; but it needs no technical knowledge to get a lot of fun from this record of a highly specialized career. It has the vitality and memorability that mark a classic. Material that in other hands has been tedious—Mr. Hughes even describes cocktail parties with Noël Coward—comes alive here. The individuality of the writing, with its cunningly inlaid wit, the vivacity of the author's mind and his detached amusement at his own enthusiasms make a most entertaining and impressive book. It is a pity that from time to time Mr. Hughes lapses into the tone of a soured play-boy, which does not suit him. He is made for intelligent enjoyment, not for embittered nostalgia.

R. G. G. P.

Love Story

A Victorian miss goes on to the stage. She worships the actor-manager, who has his leading lady as mistress. She marries a young and frivolous aristocrat first. Later she is married to her first love. How trite it sounds, and how wearisome a four-hundred-and-sixty-nine-page novel based on such a plot might be. Yet Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson has clothed the story, *Catherine Carter*, so that it is as fresh as morning. The acute and idolizing Catherine translates Shakespeare through her emotions and intellect, and uses those same forces in her dealings with Henry Peverel (confessed by the author to have "the physical appearance, many of the mannerisms, and an approximation to the speech rhythm of Sir Henry Irving,"

though the book is not theatrical biography). Much research must have gone to reconstruct the nineteenth-century background, and much enlightened reading of Shakespeare must have enchanted the writer as she enchants us by her interpretations. Surely this is the best book she has written, and how wise she has been not to clutter it with too many characters. B. E. B.

River Journey

It is forty years since Mr. H. M. Tomlinson voyaged up the Amazon in the capacity of a ship's purser, and thereafter wrote a book called "The Sea and the Jungle," destined to become a minor classic. A lot of water has flowed down the Amazon and its tributaries since then. There have been, incidentally, a couple of world wars; and the railway in the construction of which Mr. Tomlinson played a modest part has been completed and become derelict. Some things, however, remain unchanged, among them the forest with its secret, savage tribes and its legends of treasure (the same as when Pizarro came) and the mighty river which is its only highway. Mr. Peter Grieve's *Wilderness Voyage* followed much the same route as Mr. Tomlinson. But he is in no sense an imitator. He brings acute observation, a nice use of words, and a pleasant sense of humour to his account of his voyages in three ramshackle river steamers, whose incredible



"No—somehow it isn't quite you, sir, is it?"

discomforts would make any modern "luxury" traveller faint with horror, the odd characters he encountered, the savagery and beauty of the scenery, and—no minor detail—the numerous insects that bit him. These qualities combine to make this South American Odyssey a narrative to read and enjoy, and quicken the reader's regret for its author's untimely death. C. F. S.

The Earthly Patria

It is an Augustinian *leit-motif* that Christianity is built up of Greek wisdom, Roman order and Hebrew worship; and a variant of this "triad," with Christianity itself as the third constituent, is at the back of Mlle. Marie-Madeleine Martin's mind throughout *The Making of France*. This brilliant and admirably-documented account of the construction and endurance of the first European nation won the Grand Prix d'Histoire of the French Academy. Its political philosophy is founded on "the unalterableness of the essence of things and the nature of man." The only fault one has to find with a magnificent plea for the re-establishment of justice and security in properly integrated communities is its advocate's comparative indifference to the follies, vices and misdemeanours of those charged with responsibility. Paper Utopias do not deceive a well-governed people nor do revolutions appear out of the blue. St. Louis was the noblest Capetian of them all—the Roi Soleil the beginning of the end. H. F. E.

Choreographer a-making

Miss Agnes de Mille's *Dance to the Piper* is the story, candidly and modestly told, of the steadfast following of a star in face of family disapproval (dancing being

not quite up to de Mille standards of dignity), repeated disappointments, false trails and broken promises—all recounted without self-pity. There are well-observed accounts of interesting personal contacts—Pavlova, Bohn, Balanchine, Massine, Marie Rambert (under whom she studied), Martha Graham (her ideal), Anthony Tudor and many others, but not in the way of aimless chatter. All is directed towards the point of explaining the theory, practice and pitfalls of choreography. Though nothing like a treatise, the book does, in fact, enlighten the reader as to what all this dancing business is really about. And we lay it down grateful for her acquaintance and rejoicing in her success. For the tide turned, and our intelligent, lively, courageous, not to say positively tough author is now recognized as one of the leaders of the promising American experiments toward a national folk-dance of which we have had glimpses here in "Fall River Legend" and "Oklahoma!"

J. P. T.

Fact and Fiction

The heroine of Miss Ann Bridge's latest novel, *The Dark Moment*, is a country girl; she tells the story of Turkey from the last days of the old regime, through the events of the 1914 war, to the rise to power of Mustafa Kemal and all that meant in the Westernizing of his native land. This is extremely interesting, and Miss Bridge's knowledge and power of imparting it must win every reader's admiration, but as a novel the book suffers from too much concentration on facts. Two young girls, Féridé and her English friend Fanny, are important and so is the Turkish girl's lovely old grandmother; later Kemal is in the foreground; and they are all splendidly alive until Fanny seems rather to change her character. The book is a cross between an excellent history and a rather slight story, but the pictures of Turkish life and scenes and the happenings of the Revolution are masterly.

B. E. S.

Books Reviewed Above

- Deep is the Night*. James Wellard. (Macmillan, 12/6)
- Good Friday's Daughter*. Francis Stuart. (Gollancz, 12/6)
- The Village*. Marghanita Laski. (Crested Press, 12/6)
- The Struggle for Europe*. Chester Wilmot. (Collins, 25/-)
- Second Movement*. Spike Hughes. (Museum Press, 16/-)
- Catherine Carter*. Pamela Hansford Johnson. (Macmillan, 12/6)
- The Wilderness Voyage*. Peter Grieve. (Cape, 15/-)
- The Making of France: The Origins and Development of the Idea of National Unity*. Marie-Madeleine Martin, translated by Barbara and Robert North. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21/-)
- Dance to the Piper*. Agnes de Mille. (Harrish Hamilton, 18/-)
- The Dark Moment*. Ann Bridge. (Chatto and Windus, 15/-)

Other Recommended Books

- The Eighth Octave*. Mark Hambourg. (Williams and Norgate, 12/6) Entertaining gossip about pianos, composers, performers, audiences and members of the Savage Club by a virtuoso who owns Liszt's cigar-case, knew Brahms and has holed out in one.
- Alias Basil Willing*. Helen McCloy. (Gollancz, 9/6) New York murders in psychiatric society. Good initial situation and bright spots thereafter. Not as good as Miss McCloy's exceptional "Through a Glass Darkly," but readable and entertaining by ordinary standards.



"You are very, very lucky to be able to weigh yourself at pre-war prices . . ."

YES, MR. HACKENSTRAW

IN the very early morning I knew it was going to be a bad day. I knew when I'd had my first cup of tea and I went to shave and found the wash-basin full of anthracite. I went and looked in the slow-combustion stove and, sure enough, I could see where I must have poured in the shaving water.

I took the anthracite out of the wash-basin, piece by piece, and shaved in cold water, and drank another cup of tea. I always make the early morning tea. Sometimes I do it without any trouble; sometimes I pour a caddy full of tea into the kettle while I'm thinking of something else. I took my wife a cup of tea and told her about the anthracite. I had to tell her twice before she seemed to take it in, and then she said we were lucky to have any solid fuel at all, the Coopers hadn't had any since the end of November. Shortly after this conversation I left for the office, feeling not so bad.

I felt bad again when I was sitting at my desk waiting for Miss Podmarsh to bring in the letters, and when she came in I could see she could see I was in a bad temper.

"What's that kettle doing there, Miss Podmarsh?" I snapped.

"I don't know, really I don't, Mr. Hackenstraw," Miss Podmarsh said, climbing up the filing-cabinet to get the kettle.

"Well, remove it!" I shouted. "It doesn't look good." I passed my hand over my eyes, partly because I didn't want to see Miss Podmarsh looking at me reproachfully and partly because I had a feeling this had all happened before—dozens of times.

"Yes, Mr. Hackenstraw," Miss Podmarsh said.

She went out with the kettle, and for a long time nothing happened in the office of Hackenstraw and Company, Advertising Agents. Then I put down a switch and said into a little black box thing on my desk: "Miss Podmarsh, bring me in some journals carrying our latest SLYMM-LYMMMS ad."



"Well, if it comes to that, you look haughty, overbearing and superior."

"Wahp, Mr. Hackenstrahp," the black box said, and after a bit Miss Podmarsh came in with this month's *Lady and Leisure*, which is a magazine I rather like to read whether it is carrying any of our ads or not.

"Put it down there," I say calmly without raising my eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Hackenstraw," Miss Podmarsh says.

"Oh, Miss Podmarsh," I say, "I think I left my brief-case in the outer office as I came through this morning."

"I didn't see it, Mr. Hackenstraw."

"I'm not asking whether you

saw it, Miss Podmarsh. I'm merely observing I think I left it there when I came through this morning."

"Yes, Mr. Hackenstraw."

"Kindly go and see if it is there."

She goes out and I hum a little tune to myself. I feel my exchanges with Miss Podmarsh have hit a new, smoother level. Dignified. The box on the desk buzzes. I put down the switch. The box says "Swahp hahp, Mr. Hackenstrahp."

"What?" I say.

"The brief-cahp. Snahp hahp!"

"All right, Miss Podmarsh."

After this I try to read *Lady and Leisure*, but I can't settle to

it. I'm worried about that brief-case—not that it had anything in it. I wouldn't carry a brief-case at all, only my wife has a kind of obsession about them. The first thing she says when I get home is "What about your brief-case?" and I give it her and she takes it and mumbles over it and says she'll put it in the hall ready for the morning. I don't dare think what sort of a state she'd be in if I didn't have it with me; so I ring the bell and instruct Miss Podmarsh to buy one in the lunch hour.

"Yes, Mr. Hackenstraw," she says.

Now I can settle down and look at *Lady and Leisure*, which is a paper I enjoy, as I said before. It's a paper that takes your mind off things. Soon I'm engrossed in an article called "Seven New Ways with Tinned Tomato Soup." This is so good I have to ring for a sandwich, and then I go on to the page that is really my favourite: "Pauline Prune's Page," where she answers her letters. Everyone knows they're written by members of the magazine staff, but that doesn't prevent their being works of passion and imagination.

These letters take you out of yourself. There's a lady who wants to know what hair-style Miss Prune thinks would offset short legs and

very large feet, and there's another whose grandfather laughs at her fiancé because he keeps his money in a purse and what ought she to do about it. But the best one this month is from a lady who—but I'd better quote it in full:

"DEAR PAULINE PRUNE,—I have been getting very worried about my husband. We have been married sixteen years next July and now he is getting a very queer habit. He's always in a hurry in the mornings, and although he kisses me good-bye he seems to be very forgetful of other things, e.g. for the last few weeks he has been going off carrying the kettle in mistake for his brief-case. When I ask him about

his brief-case he just points to the new one he has just bought, as if nothing had happened. What would you suggest I should do about this? Our small box-room is nearly full of brief-cases, and buying new kettles all the time is running away with my savings. On the other hand friends say that to tell my husband might easily be very dangerous, like with sleep-walkers who should not be awakened.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) K. P. H.

It's wonderful the way they think of these things. I feel a lot better, and when Miss Podmarsh comes in I give her such a smile she nearly falls over backwards.

 5 5

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Everyone will go,

And even hermits
Will fail to get the necessary
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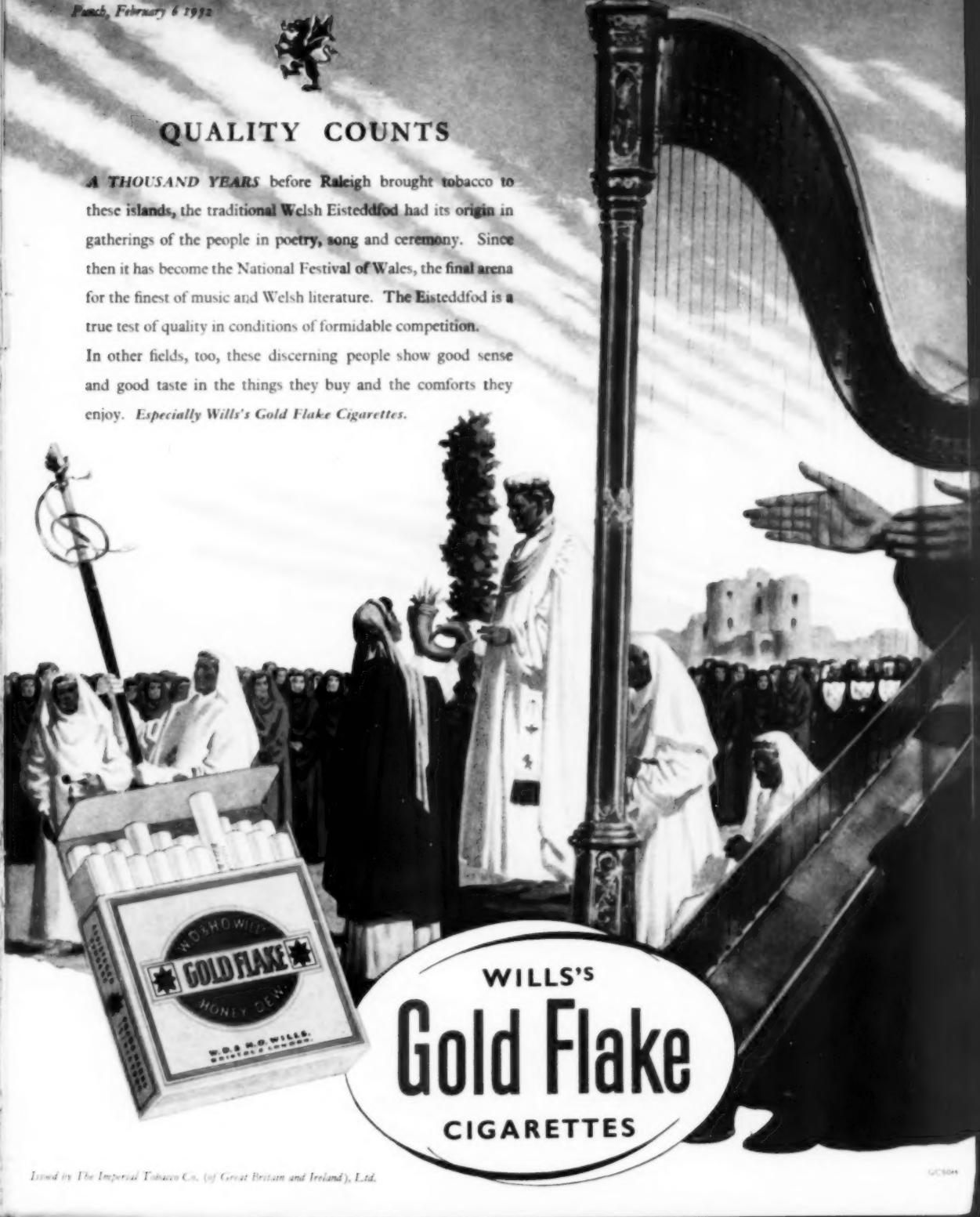
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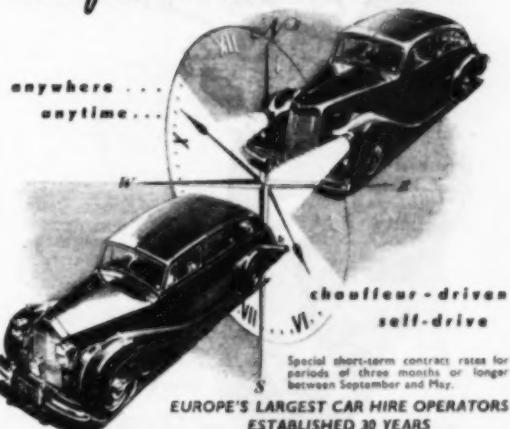
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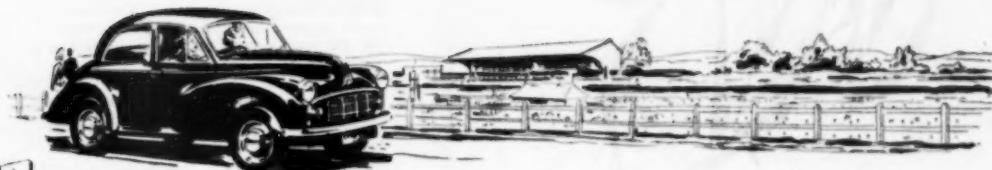


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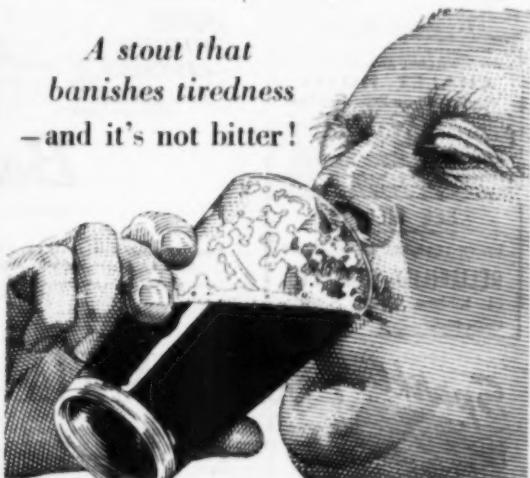


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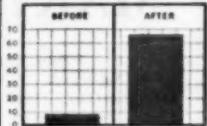
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